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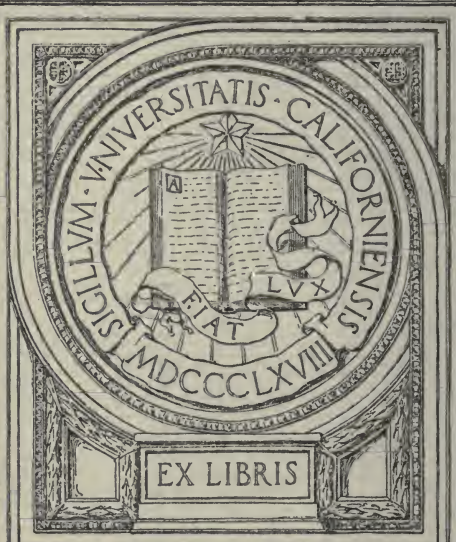
GIFT OF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A Woman
Pure
and
True
and
Noble

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

SALLIE WARD YORK

Died October 14, 1907

Funeral Services

Ravenswood Methodist Church

Wednesday, October 16, 1907

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
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Gift of G W York

ANY sympathizing and loving friends gathered to pay their last silent tribute of love and esteem for their departed friend.

The chancel was decorated with beautiful flowers of many designs.

As the funeral procession passed up the aisle, the pastor, Rev. R. J. Wyckoff, read the following

Scripture

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:

Whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out of it.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sor-

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row, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write; for these words are true and faithful.

And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

The quartet consisting of Mrs. Ella G. Carlson, Miss Frances Johnson, Mr. Ernest O. Todd, and Dr. H. C. Peisch, then sang:

Some Time We Shall Know

We know not why the good should bend
Beneath affliction's grievous rod,
While yet their earnest cries ascend
For help unto a faithful God!
We know some time relief will come,
And needful grace will God bestow;
The chast'ning rod will bud and bloom
Some time—but when, we cannot know!

We know not why a joyous day
Should set at noon in starless night—
Why somber Death should bear away
Our cherished lov'd ones from our sight.
Where now they dwell, in regions blest,
While we their absence mourn below,
What their employ, or where they rest,
Or near or far, we may not know!

But this we know: when He appears—
The Savior of our fallen race—
With eyes no longer dimm'd by tears
We shall behold Him face to face.
Then doubts and fears will flee away
Before the brightness of His throne,
And night give place to endless day,
And we shall know as we are known.

The Prayer

Rev. Stephen J. Herben, Editor "Epworth Herald"

GOD, our Father; We are in the presence of a great sorrow. We are confronted by a great mystery. We do not understand. We ask why, and there comes no answer that wholly satisfieth. But Thou art the God of Love; and Thou dost know; and we pray Thee that today — with all the weight of this sorrow — we may have some word from Thee that will scatter something of the mystery and make clear unto us, in some measure at least, what it all means. Thou art the God of life, Thou hast a purpose in life, Thou hast made us according to Thy image, and Thou didst implant within us high aspirations. We are the creatures of hope. We feel that these days are not all the days that are ours; that they can not be; that God made us for some better purpose than to live here for a few fleeting days that are full of sorrow. O, God, unfold to us today the mystery of life and then it will be easier for us to bear some things.

We thank Thee that we are not as those who have no hope. We come to such a sacred, sublime service as this with hope blooming and bearing fruitage in our hearts. We have hope and this is what gives purpose to life; and keeps the fires of ambition going, and causes us to look with unblanched faces into the future that to some seems so dark, but to us, who believe in Thee, and in Jesus Christ, is so full of glory ineffable. We thank Thee for this hope that we have, that has given strength to us to endure in these days and make us brave to look forward to the days that are yet to come. We would not surrender this hope, it is the anchor of our faith, it is the thing that saves us when distress comes. O, God, enlarge and deepen and

broaden and sweeten and enrich this hope in our hearts in this hour of our sorrow.

May this be a moment of pride for us all even in the presence of that awful thing we call Death. We all sorrow now, but there are those to whom the load has come in almost crushing weight, and even with suddenness. The days of a year have passed away since last this dear one ceased to walk among the people of this church. Bless those upon whom the blow has fallen with greatest severity, O God, and give unto those who walk among us yet strength to bear the days of mourning, for the days will not be many before we too will go hence and be no more.

We thank Thee for her life filled, as it was, with gentle care and sweet ministry. Only those who came near to her know how rich that life was of the things that make for character, for righteousness, for blessedness and for life. Grant, O God, that though no longer here, that spirit may abide, and that the things that have come out of her life, gracious, tender, sacred and sweet, may continue to abide among these people and bless them in the days that are yet to be. Give courage of heart, and hope, and joy, and life, and light unto him who loved her so much and whose heart is now heavy with sorrow.

Some of us are thinking even now of other days of sadness, and of other dear ones, and the gates of memory swing open and the flood comes upon our souls as we think of those days, and of the loved ones who have been taken away; as we think of these things may the memory be sweet unto our souls and may it strengthen our spirit, and may we go forth from this holy place into the world again, better men, better women, better children, for meeting here this afternoon and for having meditated upon the life and the character and the services of this one who has passed beyond the portals into the everlasting habitations. Amen.

"The Christian's Good Night"

Sung by Mrs. Ella G. Carlson

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake, no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep—
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Only "good night," beloved—not "farewell;"
A little while and all his saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, Indivisible—
Good night! Good night! Good night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know, even as we are known—
Good night! Good night! Good night!

The Sermon

Rev. Dan B. Brummitt, Assistant Editor "Epworth Herald"
by Request of Mrs. York

HERE came a day, which was the last day that she was fully conscious, after a long year of struggle. In the last day, while our sister's mind was yet clear and keen and unhurt of all the illness that had come, she began to speak this Scripture—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"—and so through the Psalm, which we have all said, and which we have all known, until she came to the words—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil"—thus far, and then she stopped, and there was no ending, and there was no ending to the Psalm as she spoke—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

I am not afraid to speak praise; I am not ashamed to speak praise of one we have all loved. There are some who urge us,—"say it first." Very well, but say it last, also; and so I shall say some things this afternoon about Sister York, because it is proper that they should be said, and I think it is worth while for us to remember this afternoon that we have come to do honor to the memory of a fearless spirit—"I will fear no evil." That might well be the word written on the monument which will mark her grave—"I will fear no evil."

Nearly all who are here this afternoon knew her in strength and health, and you all know how keen and straightforward and single-minded she was. We always knew where she stood, and why she stood there. She had positive convictions. She felt them to the center of her life, and she held to them with unshakeable tenacity because to her they were beyond all question real, and she insisted upon reality. And she was not

afraid. This disease came, and we have watched, at further or nearer distances, the battle she has made for a year. But disease and the threat of death did not make a coward out of this woman, who had been brave through all her life. It only changed the method of her courage, not the quality of it. She had faced other evils before and had not been afraid; and as you know, many of you as well as I, she faced this last evil and was not afraid.

There are two things that I think it is needful to say—not that any one doubts them, but we need to be reminded of them—concerning Sister York's attitude during this year that we have had opportunity to observe her and see how brave a fight she made. It is not often that the thing is wrought out before our eyes as it was in her case; and I count it one of the gifts of the grace of God that so many people have been able to see a soul standing and fronting the great mystery and the great dread and the great darkness that death is, and fronting it unterrified.

One of the things that I think you have all seen is, that she did not make any compromise with weakness or with disease. We think we may be excused when we are forced into a sick room, if we drop all interest in the things of the work-a-day, active, vigorous world. But she did not ask for such an excuse. She asked for no discharge from the war because she was shut up in the four walls of a room of pain and suffering. There was not any despair, no slackening of interest and no loss of zest, and, strange enough, no clouding of the judgment and no changing of convictions. The mind did not withdraw in upon itself. We know and have seen week by week and month by month how from that sick room there have gone out lines of influence and of helpfulness and of courage far beyond any possible reach of her physical power. Wesley Hospital has felt it, the Orphanage at Lake

Bluff has felt it, and this church has felt it during all this year. We have not always been able to define it, but we have known somehow that we were all stronger because of the fight that was being made in that sick room.

The other thing is this, that she did not surrender to the inevitable. It was inevitable, but she did not surrender to it; she did not admit defeat. After the first few months death was sure to come and the conviction of that fact grew strong upon her. She did not always admit it, but the conviction gained strength in her mind that she was fighting a losing battle. But she faced it and she did not flinch, and there was no surrender to the enemy, Death. There was something much greater and much more wonderful—there was confidence in a Friend. As her physician talked to us the other night he said, "This was the great thing that impressed me all through the weeks and months, that she was absolutely sure that God was good to her and that God was gracious to her, and that all this dealing had in it some reflection of the love of God." And the physician said this, also, "She had exhausted all her vitality, she had exhausted all her powers, she had exhausted all things else long ago, and when according to all the gifts and the knowledge and the skill of her physicians she ought not to have lived, the one thing that kept her alive was that she was in God's hands, and there was no struggle, no complaint, no murmuring, no repining."

But the outcome was the same, you say? She died. No, it was not the same. The same thing happens to all, but it does not mean the same. She was not overborne by the power of death, but she was quieted and made peaceful submission to this mystery of God's love, which no man can quite understand, though we all need it, and should be helpless and filled with darkness and despair without it. She trusted

God. She believed in God, and she rested upon Him.

Now, since why she did that, she was fearless. She had this courage, a strength of a soldier in a forlorn hope. Be sure of this, that it was not because she could not see evil. There are some who say—not some of *us,* let us hope—but some people who say—"There is no evil." He who says that has laid down his weapons. He can fight no battle against evil; he is groping in midnight while he says there is no darkness, but soon he stumbles, because the darkness which he denies has led him astray. No, she knew that evil was, but she had faith in God that He was greater than evil, and that He would conquer it and make good out of it.

In all her life when evil threatened she faced it. She faced it though she knew that it was greater than she, but she did not flinch. We know how all her life long she counted herself an unrelenting enemy of the traffic in strong drink. Did she make any impress by her courage and her opposition, upon the business in this city? I don't know, perhaps some, but not much. Not any of us can do much. Yet she did not yield; she did not say, The thing is here, I can't help it, and I will lay down my opposition in the face of it. Not in any such case did she yield, because she was able to face it in the strength and by the help of God.

When God's hand was heavy upon her she did not say that it was evil, but she felt that the very pressure and power of the hand of God—what seemed to be an affliction—was really a protection and, of course, a goodness. So she had comfort all through that long sojourn in the valley and the shadow of death. All was the doing of God, and how could it be evil?

But now she is dead. No, all her life gives the lie to that belief. She is not dead. She lives. Her body is dead, and just now in this moment of sorrowful grief it matters much that she is gone out from our

presence, and that she does not answer when we call, and that the cheer and the vivacity and the eagerness which was a part of her life we can not find any longer. But she is not dead. Her body was a long time dying, but when it was weakest she was strongest, and as full of life as ever. Her supply of spiritual vitality was never interrupted until the very last, and it is not exhausted now though her body is still, but it is enriched, enlarged and perfected.

And so this is the message she brings to us, silent though she is, quiet though the body is, which is not hers, but was hers—is not this the message she brings to him whose heart is broken, this fearlessness of soul, this charge to be brave, to know that it is not a losing battle, though it may seem to be—but that God is on the side of those who can say—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil?" Not dry-eyed stoicism, asking that we shall say, "Well, I will not cry, I will not moan, I will not sorrow." And not wooden indifference, not the mere repeating of the truism that we must all go the way of all the earth, and that we must accept the fact of death as a hard but unshakeable thing. Not that, but the trust that somehow in all the dealing of God with us this fact of death has in it great grace and great power of life. Of course, it is harder for a Christian to lose his loved ones than it is for others. We say, and we say truly, that we sorrow not as those who have no hope, and we see sorrow has in it elements of power and elements of joy. And yet it is harder. Jesus Christ, who has come into our lives, has strengthened and hallowed our relationships that they are stronger and holier than any can be that are not blessed by His presence; it is harder for us to lose those whom we love. Comradeship in character is most precious, and when we lose it, it measures more grief, and it is not wise for any of us to say today that this is a light

affliction. It is a very heavy sorrow, and hard, and yet I think she speaks to us out of her last conscious moments—"I will fear no evil, I will fear no evil."

How foolish we are if these things are not so, for tweny-one years ago all this hard sorrow and bitter loss, this mourning, was invited when the relationship was begun which death has now interrupted—not broken. This home was set up, and therefore these two, this husband who remains and this wife who has gone into the unseen but not unknown land, have all these years enriched and strengthened each other's lives. Have we not all seen it, and have we not all believed that it is beautiful, and that it should be so? Is it not so in every life that is enriched and helped by another life that lives beside it? Until it came to be at last that they thought alike, and felt alike, and spoke alike, And today it is not all over. There is a tomorrow, but even up to this moment all the sorrow and all the sense of loss and the loneliness that are here, are not so great as the joy, the exultation, the gratitude to God that these years have been lived, and that this love has been held a holy and a precious thing. Shall we not say, even in the presence of death, that it is great and worthy and beautiful to have had this life together? We must go, we must separate, we must live a little time apart, but it is worth while to have lived and loved, and there is the uncounted remainder of the life that knows no shadow and knows no sorrow and knows no loss. The end of it all, we know, was not comfort, but character. Her character is perfected now in the presence of God, and the character of him whom she loved and blessed so long will always be richer and more beautiful through all the years of the time it is to come because she lived these years by his side.

And is it not true, do we not always feel it so when death comes near, that death has a new meaning now since she went home? Somebody said once, "The

dead open the eyes of the living;" and it is true there are things we can see this afternoon that we have never seen before, and the clearness of vision is in a measure because of the burden of our souls. They who sorrow most see most, and death means something other than it used to mean. It seems hard to die, but Sister York has shown us how easy it is to die. After all, those who have loved her most and have seen her as she walked down the path into the valley of darkness, the valley of the shadow of death, now have this great comfort, that this valley of the shadow is no such place of terror and of awfulness as it seemed to be, as it *was* until yesterday. For she has gone that way, and she has gone triumphantly, as she had said, "I will fear no evil." And her confidence and her faith are justified in the event.

Sister York in her weakness and in the last moments of the reaching out of her mind for God said, the other day, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil;" and then she stopped, though not because she did not know the rest. Today we can finish it out—"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." Is it not a triumphant faith? And yet is it not the thing that every one of us—especially our dear Brother York, whose heart aches with an aching that cannot be forgotten for a moment—can say, because we have learned these things truly in the presence of death, because in the presence of life which is greater than death—"Truly goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life?" How different will it be for us every one if we can go from this presence of death carrying the lesson with a new emphasis, a new meaning, and a new purpose to be fearless and brave as she was, so that at the last we

may realize the glory and the joy that ends the Psalm which was Sister York's last talk about the God she loved and trusted—"And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Amen.

"Saved By Grace"

by Quartette

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But, oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace;
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I can not tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know—my All in All
Has now a place in Heav'n for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day, till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
That when my Savior ope's the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

Mrs. York's pastor, the Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, then read, besides a few biographical notes, the following beautiful poem, which had been sent to Mr. York by a very dear friend:

She Will Sleep Tonight

Smooth the braids of her silken hair
On her queenly brow with tender care:
Gather the robe in a final fold
Around her form that will not grow old:
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,
The fairest, sweetest flowers that grow.
Kiss her and leave her—your heart's delight—
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-night.

A shadowy gleam of life-light lies
Around the lids of her slumbering eyes,
And her lips are closed in fond delay
Of the loving words she had to say;
But her gentle heart forgot to beat,
And from her dainty hands to her dainty feet
She is strangely quiet, cold and white;
The fever is gone; she will sleep to-night.

Put by her work and her empty chair;
Fold up the garments she used to wear;
Let down the curtains and close the door—
She will need the garish light no more.
For the work assigned her under the sun
Is finished now, and the guerdon won.
Fondly kiss her; put out the light,
And leave her alone—she will sleep to-night.

Oh, blessed sleep that will not break
For tears nor prayers, nor love's sweet sake!
Oh, perfect rest—that knows no pain,
No throb nor thrill of heart or brain!
Oh, life sublime beyond all reach,
That only the pure through dying reach!
God understands, and His ways are right;
Bid his beloved a long good-night.

Weep for the days that will come no more,
For the sunbeam that flows from hearth to door;
For a missing step, for a nameless grace
Of a tender voice and a loving face:
But not for the soul whose goal is won,
Whose infinite joy is just begun:
Not for the spirit enrobed in light
And crowned where the angels are to-night.

—*Selected.*

In Memoriam

By Rev. R. J. Wyckoff (Mrs. York's Pastor)
Sunday, October 20, 1907

T is fitting that this evening service take some recognition of the recent death of Mrs. George W. York. The choir is just about to sing, "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears." If this memorial anthem is an expression of our wish, may it also be a source of comfort to him whose heart, at this moment, is wrung with exquisite grief.

One of the things most difficult for a clergyman to do, when he leaves a place, is to break the friendships he has made during his pastorate; but one of the losses he suffers, in a new place, is the knowledge of the character and life of noble men and women who lay down their work before he can gain a knowledge of their life and worth. I have recently felt the sacrifice and the loss.

I have been among you but one year. Scarcely a week after my arrival the doctors decreed that Mrs. York must lay down her work, give up all her church activities, lay aside the many things her hands had planned for the new year, and go to her room. The mandate came to us all with great surprise and a shock. It was difficult for me to believe that the bright, smiling woman, who a few days before had greeted me in her home, was a stricken woman.

She obeyed the doctor implicitly. Mrs. York had learned obedience. Long years before she had answered the call to service. It required the calm self-surrender to the high demands of God. The high ideals of a Christian life are not reached by any self-surrender. It is not achieved by a divided heart.

Mrs. York had submitted to God, and she with the same sweet resignation gave herself up to the dic-

tates of those in whom she believed. To me her perfect abandonment of the world, and her self-devotion to the claims of her church, were her leading characteristics. Her surrender to God did not mean for her a retreat from the many calls of a needy world.

She had the spirit of a philanthropist, and the rare devotion of a deaconess. Like Dorcas, her hands were always busy. Her heart was tender toward the homeless and friendless children of this great city, and Heaven only knows all she did. Wesley Hospital and its needs had a large place in her heart. In her sick-room her busy brain and heart went on working.

Though filled with apprehension about the future she never lost her interest in the present. Throughout the most of the year she raised money enough to furnish a room in the home for the nurses, and died but too soon to know that the room was to be named her own. In the sick-room she was bright, sunny and hopeful. In the year that I knew her I do not remember a time that she ever gave gave away to grief or despair. Her hope was never crushed. She always greeted me with a smile, and was thankful for the joy of living.

There was about her the evidence of a strong and inflexible will, a fearless and aggressive mind, tenacious of her views, and uncompromising in her opinions when she felt that her opinions had some vital relation to character and truth.

One thing never left her—her hope of getting well often hung in the balance—but her clear faith was never obscured. At times she hardly knew what to see among the half-veiled opinions of her kind physicians, who wished to spare her a full knowledge of her disease; but she always saw the way clear to her Father's House.

Her faith never saw an eclipse. It was bright, and had the upward bend. As the distance became

shorter the path became brighter, and when the day came for her to "cross the bar" her Pilot was there, and the "clear call" found her answer.

Her Life

The death of Sallie Ward York, wife of George W. York, occurred at the home, 2611 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill., Monday, October 14, 1907, at 6:45 p. m. The funeral services were held at the Ravenswood Methodist Church, Wednesday afternoon, under the direction of R. J. Wyckoff, assisted by Revs. Dan Brummitt and S. J. Herben. Dr. Brummitt preached the funeral sermon in compliance with the request of the decedent. A quartet composed of Mr. Ernest O. Todd, Mrs. E. G. Carlson, Miss Frances Johnson, and Dr. H. C. Peisch, furnished the music for the occasion. The numerous floral pieces and largely attended services partly evidenced the high esteem in which Mrs. York was held. Every department of the church was represented in the flower offerings. A large clock with hands fixed at the hour of death (6:45) was the offering of the Official Board. Rose Hill was the place of interment.

The decedent was born near Harvard, Ill., and in 1875 moved to Wilmette, with her parents. On September 22, 1886, she was married to George W. York, and to them were born two daughters, both of which died in infancy. Mr. and Mrs. York moved to the west side of Chicago shortly after their marriage, and were both active workers in the Park Avenue M. E. Church, where Mrs. York was the soprano soloist. A change of residence was then made and the Western Avenue Church became their church home, and here Mrs. York gave liberally of her splendid musical ability for the benefit of others. She had a full, rich soprano voice which had been trained to the nicest

perfection under the tutelage of the best masters of music in Chicago.

In 1893, Mr. and Mrs. York moved to Ravenswood, and it is here that the loss of Mrs. York is most deeply mourned. No hand was more ready in giving, no voice more earnest in pleading for the poor and unfortunate, and no feet have been more willing to run upon errands of mercy and help. Her life typified the very highest ideals of Christian living. During a year of terrible suffering no murmur of complaint escaped her lips, and in the last moments of flickering life, the beautiful transforming power of a mighty faith made her death a glorious triumph.

Mrs. York was an officer of several societies at the time she was taken sick, and was especially interested in the Lake Bluff Orphanage, Deaconess' Home, and Wesley Hospital. During her last illness Mrs. York was the means of raising $118 for furnishing a room in the Harris Home for Nurses, used in connection with Wesley Hospital, and this room has recently been designated as the "Sallie York Memorial."

During the year of her sickness a record was kept of the number of calls made at her home, either to see Mrs. York or to enquire as to her condition, and the figures offer additional evidence as to her popularity. The total was over 1,800. Gifts of flowers were brought 200 times. Mrs. York, with all her activities, was an ideal housekeeper. She loved her home, and in the twenty-one years of married life not a ripple of disagreement disturbed the calm serenity of a joyful Christian companionship which has been a delight and blessing to every one who came within her influence.

—*Ravenswood Citizen, October 19, 1907.*

From a Friend

Dr. C. C. Miller, of Marengo, Ill.,
a beloved friend of both Mr. and Mrs. York

BACK of every man who has done anything worth while for the public will generally be found a true woman, who, as his helpmeet, has stood by him through thick and thin, helping him over the hard places, and always cheering him on to better effort. She may not be known to the public, but quietly and unostentatiously her influence is constantly exerted, and many a man has been glad to acknowledge that for his success in life he was chiefly indebted to his wife.

Such a woman was Mrs. George W. York, who was carried to her last resting place, October 16th. It was my privilege to know her better than most of the members of the American Bee Journal family, and so it is but right that I should tell them a little about the one who for so many years was so strong a factor in making the Journal what it has been, and is.

As already intimated, her influence upon the paper was indirect, but not entirely so. On mailing days she came to the office for many a year and put her hand directly to the work so that the mailing would be on time; and thus more than once it was through her help that the American Bee Journal was able to maintain its right to be called "The Old Reliable."

Perhaps the most prominent characteristic in Mrs. York's personality was her unflinching devotion to her ideals of what she believed to be right and true, and her outspoken advocacy of them, even to the point of brusqueness, whatever consequences might follow. The minister who so feelingly spoke the last words over the body which lay in the church, embowered in beautiful flowers from so many sources, said, " We

come to do honor to the memory of a fearless spirit." The words were well spoken. Hers was a spirit of fearlessness wherever there was any question of right to be done, or wrong to be overcome.

The Methodist Church of Ravenswood (Chicago) is a heavy loser by her departure, for her activities were many. Especially may be mentioned her work as an uncompromising foe of the liquor-traffic, her work for the Wesley Hospital in Chicago, and the Methodist Deaconess Orphanage at Lake Bluff, Ill.

For a full year she was confined to a sick-room, through all the weary months of pain and suffering making a brave fight against the enemy—valvular heart disease—always a losing battle, but always a cheerful one, and most of us thus shut up would have felt excused from the activities which had been so much at heart, but not she.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to him who will nightly return from his toil to that home so lovely—and yet oh, so lonely—because she who was its light and life has gone to return no more. May the God of all comfort, support and sustain him in his sore bereavement.

Mrs. York was a good woman; those who knew her best loved her best; and I am glad to be permitted to lay my little leaf of laurel on the brow of one who was worthy.

—*American Bee Journal, November, 1907.*

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